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Chapter 1: Confrontation with Pitch

I slowly made my way into the dark corridor, gripping my staff. Pitch had said to come alone. He didn't say anything about having to come unarmed. It's dark, I don't know where it is, it almost looks like a lair.

"Jack Frost."

I flip around gripping my staff tighter. The voice sending chills up my spine. "You said you wanted to speak to me. I won't listen to anything you have to say unless I can see you."

The deep voice was back. "Very well."

Like Sandy, Pitch uses sand, just darker. The sand falls upwards and Pitch stands before me. "I'm surprised you were asleep long enough for me to reach you. The Guardians must be keeping you very busy."

Kangaroo wishes, I think to myself. "No. I find ways to be preoccupied." Trying to sound important.

Not even touching the ground, Pitch moves in a circle around me. "Ah, so they don't trust you enough to let you help them?"

"No I'm sure-"

"Sure of what? They won't let you help because they think you're a useless child. After all no one believes in you." My thoughts drift to Jamie, but I quickly direct them to what Pitch is saying, "We're not much different you and I. In fact we're similar in many ways"

"I'm nothing like-"

Cutting me off he finishes my sentence "Me? No one believes in you, or me we're both cast out from the world. The Guardians don't care about us, we're just the insignificant objects gathering dust on a shelf. They're just using you Jack. Why would it be now that they come and find you Jack? After all these years of being alone, why now?"

I thought of how weird it was that they had just come and found me, why hadn't they ever looked for me before?

"I can see you starting to question your own judgment. We could do so much together." Did he just say together? Was this was this meeting about, him wanting me to join him? "That's exactly what this meeting is about Jack." I'm ripped out of my thoughts with the voice of him inside my brain. He's been reading my thoughts this whole time. "We could be so much, do so much. We could change the world"

"In a good way or bad way, cause I'm pretty sure you mean bad way."

"Stop being arrogant! You know what my offer is, and you know I'm listening." The sand form hovered into the darkness and disappeared.

My brain hurt. It was true that the Guardians didn't really acknowledge me. Bunnymund treated me like dirt, North treated like I was an adult, and Tooth was just too obsessed with my Teeth. Sandy was the only kind one yet we couldn't talk to each other. I'd have to sleep on it before seriously thinking about anything.

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Chapter 2: Deciding

Pitch's POV

I walked around my underground lair coming to a stop in front of one of my Night Mares stroking it's neck. I closed my eyes directing my center of attention towards Jack's thoughts. I listened to them before he fell asleep. I could tell he was very torn between the two options. He soon decided to sleep and I let him. I didn't disturb him while he was sleeping peacefully. I wanted him to fully choose. Even though I already knew what the answer would be, and that it would come by morning. All I had to do was wait and listen to the reply.

...

Jack's POV

"Yes" The words formed in my mind. I had paced for hours before falling asleep last night, pondering what I should do. I waited and the dark haunting voice came back in my head. "Wonderful. Come back to the same spot tomorrow and I'll tell you what you need to do."

...

Yes this chapter is shorter, I will have more soon

Chapter 3: Ensnared

Walking back to the dark corridor is like walking back into a nightmare. Pitch approaches me from the shadows. "Hello Jack. You're making the right choice. The guardians will no longer be able to ignore you."

I look around and spot one of Pitch's Night Mares its glowing eyes staring deep into my soul, a growing pit uncertainty crawls back into my mind.

"I'm not so sure about this. Maybe this was I mistake." I start to walk out but I don't make it very far.

Pitch lunged at me slamming me against the wall his hand on my throat his sharp teeth forming a twisted smile. "Where do you think you're going? You agreed to my proposition. You want the Guardians to notice you don't you?"

I struggled against his grip trying to break free. His hand tightened on my throat causing me to gasp for air. My vision started to have black spots, my lungs felt like they were going to explode. Is this what it felt like to die?

His other hand formed a ball of black sand he looked at it for a minute then flattened it on my chest. It started to spread. First going to my legs, growing tighter each time I moved.

"Don't try to resist it, you wouldn't want anything bad to happen to that poor little friend of yours." His hand came off my throat, but the black sand kept me glued to the wall. I gulped in cold mouthfuls of air.

Jamie, how did he know about-

"Oh yes Jack I can still see everything in your mind, I can also warp you thoughts" My image of Jamie quickly became into a terrifying scene of Jamie being engulfed by shadows; I shake the thought

thinking to myself, it's not real, it's not real.

His voice was in my head again. "Maybe that won't be real, but this, dear Jack, is very real"

"Killing me won't do anything." I forced out.

"Kill you?" He looked surprised at that comment. "Who said anything about killing you? No, I have something worse planned for you."

The sand now had reached my mouth, gagging me as I tried to cry out, I reached for the sand and it spread to my all the way to my hands causing me to let go of my staff.

"This is a nightmare Jack," the sand was starting to cover my eyes, I looked at my staff right in front of me, so close, yet out of reach from my restrained hands. "Your nightmare."

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Chapter 4: You Can't Kill Fear

I put my hand to my head. I'm no longer trapped against the wall. Was that a dream?

"No Jack, it was very real." I move my hands over my ears shaking my head, trying to get the voice out.

"Shaking your head won't do anything. I'm still here, no, that won't work either."

I quit banging my head on the cold floor.

"Celebrate today" This time it wasn't in my head. I turned seeing Pitch watching me, holding my staff. I jump for it and he disappears and reappears in another section of what now realize to be a circular room.

He looks at the staff with a triumphant smile on his face.

"For today is the day you join, The Nightmare King!"

...

Jack looks at me funny, and laughs while saying, "That sounded so stupid"

Fury burned through me. I must have let my guard down, a window of opportunity for him, because he lunged at me again. I wasn't prepared and he grabbed his staff pointing it at me.

I looked at him, "You can't kill fear Jack"

"I'm not afraid of you"

As he said this one of his eyes flashed gold and I smiled. It had worked.

I had to test it out. "Jack. Put down the staff."

"Why would I do that?" He scoffed. "I'm not putting my-"

His hands set down the magical staff on the ground in front of him. "W-what? What did you do to me!?"

I smiled. "Oh no worries Jack, soon the sand will really seep in. Then you will be under my full control. You, will become one of my Fearlings. But not just any Fearling. The head of all Fearlings, you will be the Prince of Nightmares!"

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Chapter 5: Beginning of a Nightmare

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I could feel my already pale face, losing color. I looked at my hands, "I could-I could n-never do what you said." I couldn't believe what was happening to me.

"Not knowingly" Pitch's voice had malice in it with a tinge of victory. He started to circle me like the easy prey I was to him, picking up my staff as he walked by.

I grimaced, hating the reality of him in possession of my staff.

"It won't be long now until you are mine to command, and you'll just be stuck in your body, forced to watch what I'm making you do, with no way to do anything about it"

Almost like it was on cue, a sharp pain hit my chest making me cry out and fall to my knees. It felt like someone was jabbing knives into me. I tried standing just to fall back down by another invisible blow. My vision was fading.

"The Guardians-they'll find me. We will beat you."

Pitch laughed at my remark. I'm struggling to keep consciousness and I know that I'm fading fast.

"I won't give up, I will beat you Pitch." My voice was barely above a whisper; I was straining to get the words out.

I was losing control of my body.

The worst of the blows twisted inside of me, making me scream. It felt as if my body was being speared as I fell flat on the floor. My vision faded out on an image of Pitch smiling evilly at my helpless form.

I was a prisoner in my own body.

Then the real nightmare began.

...

Chapter 6: Memory

***GUYS THERE ARE POSSIBLE SPOILERS BELOW! PLEASE DON'T CONTINUE AND THEN GET MAD. ***

ALSO, I'M VERY SORRY ABOUT ALL OF THE SHORT CHAPTERS, THIS WILL BE THE LAST SHORT CHAPTER I'LL DO. I'M WORKING ON ANOTHER CHAPTER RIGHT NOW THAT'S LONGER, SORRY ABOUT THAT:/

...

I was back with my sister again, what was this? I had a sister? I could see myself except this was a different form of me. I had brown hair and dark eyes. All of these new pieces to the puzzle of my life were freaking me out.

I look back over to the forms. Me and who I now remembered to be my sister were on the edge of the ice.

A long lost memory.

My sister turned to me. "Don't you just love the snow?"

"It's my favorite part of the year Sis." I reply, extending my tongue to catch the gently falling snow.

I move towards the pond and take a step onto the ice.

"Jack!" My sister yells. "We shouldn't be on the ice. Mommy said it wasn't safe." She was acting as if she were my mother.

"Oh have a bit of fun Sis!" I use skates on my feet and head to the center of the pond.

I look at myself watching the small cracks form but pushing them to the side of my thoughts, ignoring them. I try yelling at myself. "Don't go out there! Get off of the ice!"

But my form can't hear or see me. I'm helpless, forced to watch what happened so many years ago.

"Come on, you're not too afraid are you?" I call out in a mocking, almost taunting tone.

My sister sticks out her tongue and starts to inch towards me. I stand waiting for her in the middle of the pond, but a loud crack stops her progress.

"Jack!" she screams. She falls backwards onto the soft snow bank. Her eyes wide with fear.

I have fallen to my knees.

I start slowly making my way to the edge of the dangerous pond, terrified at the cracks that now plagued the iced over pond, that I chose to ignore.

Another giant crack was forming beneath me.

I froze and look at my sister with sad, petrified eyes as the ice beneath me shatters.

I fall into the icy water so cold it feels as if it's burning me.

For a brief moment I was still on the ice looking at my sister crying, yelling out my name before I was sucked back to my form that was below the icy waters.

It is dark under the water; And cold, oh so very cold.

I'm trying to swim to the top, without progress, not moving anywhere.

My frantic strokes to reach the surface are slowing down.

Soon the slowed motions have stopped. I'm not even moving them anymore.

Now I'm slowly sinking to the bottom, running out of air.

I blink, a non visible tear melting away in the frozen water, *my eyes flash blue for a brief moment then turn back to their natural color.* I close my eyes, *realizing, never to be opened until the Man in the Moon wakes me.*

I look up, the bright moon glossy, as if The Man in the Moon has started to cry with my sister.

Chapter 7: Worried about Jack

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I watch the winter spirit unconscious on the floor, tossing and turning, his eyes shut tightly, through this glorious transformation. Jack Frost, the spirit of mischief and chaos, was soon to be under my control.

Just to be safe I use my black sand to create a miniature prison cell around the boy. He wouldn't be going anywhere yet, anyways.

I grip the small wooden staff in my hand; a gift from MiM to Jack as soon as he brought him back.

I smirk; he won't need this anymore. I begin to bend it but it won't break. I apply more pressure.

I look up with disgust, "you think this is funny MiM! Well I'm not laughing."

I slam the staff on the ground and sprinkle some of my sand on it, it disappears, transported somewhere else.

I somehow remember about the insignificant Guardians.

"Oh the poor dears; they don't know what has befallen to their little friend Jack Frost. It'd be a pity not to let them in on what has happened." I laugh summoning one of my Night Mares.

"I think it's time we pay dear old Santa Claus a visit," My glowing eyes burning with distaste.

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Something's not right. I have to find North, Tooth even Bunnymund! The sharp pain in my head is back and I float into stand that's holding cookies and they fall to the floor with a clatter. I wince. *Perfectly good cookies, gone to waste,* then I think about it. *The*

elves probably licked them all anyways.

North comes bursting through the door. "Sandy? Are you all right Sandy?"

I nod, but then shake my head.

North looks at me with concern. "What is it, are you worried about something, someone?"

I nod vigorously.

"Who or what?"

How do I show North that I'm worried about Jack with my dreamsand? After all North's not the best at guessing games.

Jack's staff!

I throw some of my sand in the air, forming a perfect replica of Jack's magical staff.

"Jack's staff! Wait, w-why would that be in trouble. I don't understand."

I shake my head.

"Oh, Jack, you're worried about Jack?"

I nod.

"Why didn't you just say-," he stops, looking at my frustrated glare.

"Why are you worried about Jack? He's with Bunnymund."

Bunnymund hopped into view through the doorway.

"Did someone say my name?"

North let out a sigh of relief, "Yes, Sandy's worried about Jack you see, and well, that's just impossible. He's with you isn't he? You told me you were going to go on a bonding walk together to settle your differences."

Bunnymund fumbled with his fingers.

"Well you see I-I um- Well here's the thing. I only said that to make you happy." Pushing the last sentence out of his mouth.

"WHAT!?" North yelled, "You mean you LIED!?"

Bunnymund cringed.

"Where is Jack?"

Tooth now hovered in the doorway interested to see what the yelling was about. "I just checked Jack's room. He's not there."

"Well!" North bellowed, "Search the workshop! Search the whole North Pole if you have to, if Sandy's gut is correct Jack is in trouble!"

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Bunnymund felt horrible.

North had proceeded to yell at him as they searched for Jack around the workshop gesturing angrily with his hands as he walked in front of Bunnymund.

Jack was basically like a son to North. He'd be devastated if anything happened to him.

"I'm truly sorry North. I just wanted some time AWAY from Jack. I didn't want to spend time with him."

North continued to trudge ahead of Bunnymund. Now he was silent.

He stopped and turned to Bunnymund. "It's alright. I'm sure Jack's fine!" He was putting reassurance into his voice to calm himself down. "We're most likely just overreacting. He's probably flying around with his staff freezing my elves."

Let's just hope he is, Bunnymund thought.

One of the Yetis, the one Jack called Phil, walked by.

North stopped him. All I heard was gibberish.

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"Have you seen Jack?" I asked.

The Yeti replied saying: That annoying spirit that flies around causing all kinds of chaos? I haven't seen him since yesterday. Thank goodness.

Dread filled my heart. Bunnymund looked so confused.

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The Yeti harrumphed as if satisfied and walked away.

North told me exactly how the conversation went.

My heart plummeted and guilt started to take root inside of me.

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Chapter 8: Terrible News

From far away the North Pole looked like a secluded miniature city surrounded by the white, almost glowing snow.

I was there, but not really *there*. I was traveling by sand. I preferred it that way; it was much easier causing fewer complications and was quick on time.

The Guardians were in for a surprise.

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I fluttered around high and low. Where could Jack be?

I looked at my miniature fairies fluttering about to and fro. They were really worried about him, scared they'd never see his perfect teeth or him again.

A jingle bell sounded through the halls. North must want to talk to all of us, he either found Jack or there was absolutely no sign of him.

I hoped it was the first one.

I called for my miniature fairies to come with me and we left the room.

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With remorse I had pressed the bell. The search for Jack had come with no results; not even a tweak of evidence to where he had gone. I had hoped that I wouldn't have to call off the search, but there was no sign of him.

He was gone.

I look over at Bunnymund and shake my head. Tooth and Sandy come through the Grand Doors.

Sandy looked quite miserable, continuing looks of worry on his face.

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I felt their anxiety and I relished it.

They thought their beloved winter spirit was in trouble. He was, but he would no longer be able to be helped by the likes of them.

I smirked relishing the vision of their faces once I would leave them with the message of what had befallen Jack.

The time had come to tell them...

...

Something's wrong. I feel a presence.

I know it's not Jack, It’s too dark to be Jack, but someone is there, I can’t place quite who.

"North are you alright mate?" Suddenly there was a loud crack, I whip my head up.

The globe has black sand hovering next to the globe.

"Pitch! Show yourself!" I realize I'm yelling but I don't care, I put one hand on my shashka. "You’re not welcome here, I’ll ask you once. Leave!" The form of pitch laughs, "oh, but I have such important news to share with you" Bunnymund frowned “Oh, pull your lip over your head and swallow!”

“Is that any way to treat your guest that brings news of your precious Jack.”

I cut off Bunnymund from saying any more insults. "We’re listening. “

My voice sounded defeated, making Pitch smile, a malicious gleam in his eyes.

"Your precious winter spirit came to me, begging to help him be noticed; he wanted to join me, to be on the winning side, so you would show him the attention he so desperately wanted."

"That's a lie!" yelled Bunnymund

"Is it Kangaroo?"

Bunnymund cringed.

"Stop babbling! What did you do to Jack! Where is he?!"

Pitch hushed me.

"Oh, no need to worry he's fine, his mind has been...expanded." Pitch grinned.

My heart filled with dread.

Jack was a fearling, he had to be. That was the only explanation.

I couldn't hold in my anger any longer.

I clutched my swords lunging at Pitch's sand image, yelling as I went in for the hurt.

Pitch cackled, swiftly moving away from my attack."Be prepared for the beginning of a new era. It's time for fear to rule the world."

His image had morphed exploding above the globe engulfing it with the sand.

The sand then, disappeared leaving us with the heart wrenching news and the leftover sound of Pitch's laughter ringing in our ears.

…

Chapter 9: Useless

I wouldn't, no couldn't believe what Pitch had just said.

It couldn't be true could it? Jack wouldn't have done that.

A guilty thought creeped its way to the back of my mind.

Was I the one that pushed him away?

I pushed the thought away. I looked at everyone else, no one had said a word since Pitch had left, they all looked so shocked.

What did this mean?

My thoughts drifted to the day Jack was chosen.

I remembered when Manny wanted Jack as a Guardian. I had hoped he wouldn't pick the Groundhog.

When he said Jack, I was so upset I would have *preferred* MiM to have picked the Groundhog.

My anger turned to MiM. Tooth said what I had just thought.

"How could he have let this happen?" Tooth said, obviously referencing to the Man in the Moon.

She burst into tears.

Hopping over to Tooth I wrapped my arms around her; she proceeded to cry into my fur.

"How could *we* have let this happen?" She had now turned to question towards us. "Jack doesn't deserve this; he's stuck like *that*, as a fearling! Manny chose him to be a Guardian, how is hesupposed to be a guardian, if he's one of Pitch's fearling," she sniffled. "It's not right!"

North finally spoke up, "Well… we can't do anything about it now. Maybe if we defeat Pitch Jack's newfound curse will be lifted." His eyes twinkled with determination.

This seemed to lift everyone's spirits. I see Sandy lifting his sad grief stricken head.

I spoke up.

"Let's do it. Let's go defeat Pitch!" I smiled.

We had to save Jack!

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I tried screaming.

Nothing worked. I was stuck in my body while I just stood there. I could see my surrounding but I was unable to do anything about it.

I was in a cell.

Two cells really. My body and the one Pitch had decided to make for me out of his special black sand.

I don't know why he did.

I wasn't going anywhere.

I heard a thud of an opening door but my body didn't move; it didn't even flinch.

"So*, winter spirit*, I just got back from seeing your so called friends, and yes Jack I'm talking to you, the one on the inside, not the frame of you."

This caught my attention, Pitch had seen the Guardians, what for, I felt so restricted not being able to use my voice and throw insults at him.

"I told them what has happened to you. That you came to me; pleading to join me, they didn't even care. Not even a sideways

glance. I told you. They don't *care* about you."

I could see Pitch now, coming into view at the front of my cage.

Was that true? Did the Guardians really not care?

My head would have been drooping if I could've controlled it.

He walked to the bars of the cell, touching it, making it crumble around me. I still didn't move.

"I still don't know what to do with you, just an insignificant part of the picture as always. No need to worry though. I'll find out something for you soon enough."

He started walking to another room laughing to himself as I stood there. "Come." He called to me like I was his new pet.

I followed him trying to pull myself back.

I was useless.

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Chapter 10: Re-Living a Nightmare

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I walked to my throne and sat down.

The winter spirit was right behind me looking straight forward.

"Stand here," I pointed to a spot next to my throne. He didn't hesitate, moving straight to the spot and faced forward.

My mind started to wander elsewhere.

My eyes feeling heavy.

Slowly I closed my glowing yellow eyes.

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I stood by the prison door waiting.

The faint whispering of the Fearlings could be heard from behind the door.

I had heard the same thing for years, been at the same post for years, to keep the demons behind bars.

"One breath of fresh air. Please." They hiss, "One small breeze."

It still sent chills down my spine. The only thing keeping me going was my locket. I hold it looking at the picture of my daughter, a tender smile on my face.

The shadows inhuman voices continued to beg for air.

I close the locket, I couldn't take it anymore.

I rub my temple with two fingers. It's just too much.

The hissing stops but quickly continues, but this time the voices are different. It's no longer many voices, but now it's just one. It's the voice of my daughter.

"Daddy, help me!"

Terror seizes me.

"Daddy help I'm scared!"

I had to open the door! I had to save her. *What if it's not her*, my thoughts say. *But what if it is?*

I grab the keys; I fumble for the right one, it's been so long that I have a hard time remembering which one it is.

I stick in the key.

Immediately the hissing stopped.

I should stop, I think to myself.

But I have to get my daughter out of there.

I turn the key and open the doorway the smallest of cracks just so I can reach in to grab my daughter.

The tiny crack was all it took. Shadows poured out of the doorway. I drop the keys. I'm frozen in place.

Quickly I get a hold of my senses and I begin run up the stairs, taking them three at a time, the shadows following closely behind me. I feel hope as the exit at the top comes into view. I'm almost there.

I stumble on the last step; all hope gone horror in its place as I flip around.

I see the shadows, taunting me hovering above my head, waiting for the right moment, when my fear is greatest.

The shadows strike at me, engulfing me.

It feels as if hot knifes are being thrust into me. I scream, me the Golden Age's greatest hero, screaming? I suppress the next scream only for it to be wrenched from me in the throbbing seconds to follow.

The pain is agonizing.

I can feel my thoughts becoming dark, as if they were no longer my own. I sense my soul being crushed; I writhe on the floor, another jab from the unseen blade.

Was I going mad?

I scream again, my vision going blurry.

I can feel it. The end is coming.

I try to reach some happy thought, something to bring light to this moment of darkness.

The last of my own thoughts turn towards my daughter, a tear slowly streams down my face. I reach for the locket that holds her picture around my neck wanting to see her face one last time.

But one last prod from the invisible dagger twists its way inside of me, into my very core.

A scream is pried from me and all goes to shadows.

...

Pitch still sat on his throne.

A small tear trickled down Pitch's face while his head was bowed, it glimmered on his face.

For one brief moment you could see sadness inside the monster.

Just as quickly the look vanished, a menacing glare in its place. He gripped the sides of his throne, slowly looked up his eyes burning

an evil gold.

Standing up he paused.

Pitch turned to the winter spirit.

"I know what I want to do with you now." A malicious gleam in his eye, "Come with me"

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Chapter 11: The Battle Begins

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Jack's POV

Pitch took me to another room.

“Stand right there” My body obeyed. “Good, now stay still.” He chuckled at this knowing I couldn’t do anything about it even if I felt like it.

He started to sprinkle black sand on me while I just stood there.

I urged myself to run but to no avail.

My feet are beginning to be engulfed by the shadowy sand. I’m freaking out, I try again, willing myself to get as far away from Pitch as possible but my body stays silent, unmoving.

I start to feel myself being sucked somewhere else, much like the feeling of going through one of North’s portals.

Swiftly traveling somewhere else I knew I was no longer in Pitch’s layer, we were hovering on a platform of black sand. All around me everything was dark.

Pitch appeared in front of me the look of nastiness in his eyes matched his voice. “Are you ready to do something for me Jack?”

My voice responded, it sounded robotic like I was in a trance. “I’m at your disposal.”

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Pitch's POV

I chuckled.

That won't be necessary, yet. I think to myself.

"Good," I smoothed black sand over my palm and threw it in the air and catch Jack's staff; I had transported it to our present location.

I clutched the staff, handing it over to Jack with a blank expression. "I want you to destroy the Guardians. When the time comes I want to you to help me take away the last chances they have of defeating me."

Jack stood unblinking facing me.

"Whatever you desire, master."

Smirking I turned my back to him. "Excellent," I looked over the platform spotting North's sleigh coming towards us filled with the four worried Guardians, I feel the corners of my mouth twisting to a grin, "Because the Guardians have just arrived."

…

North's POV

I had seen the black cloud from far away, but now I knew for certain that Pitch was here.

I directed the reindeer up higher so we could see him, another figure stood beside him.

I did a double take. It was Jack. He was hardly recognizable.

His hair was the usual messiness that it always was but black, just as black as shadows, his skin the same gray as Pitch's, and his eyes. They were the same ominous yellow as Pitch's; Glowing, cold and unfeeling.

Had we really lost Jack? Even if we did get him back would he ever be the same? I come back to reality, brought back due to the present situation.

Pitch must have seen us.

He rose from the platform, lifting his arms a wall of shadows, no, Nightmares came rushing at us.

I jerked the reigns avoiding the would-have-been collision, but the Nightmares turn coming toward us the second time.

We're passing by houses and Tooth flies off, beginning the fight with the Nightmares.

"I need to help her," Bunnymund yelling so I can hear him. Quickly he hops off landing on the street below.

I glance at Sandy, "Just you and me now Sandy?"

He shrugs.

We pass a lone Nightmare as it's diving towards the street, Sandy jumps onto it, placing his hand on the neck spreading dreamsand on it, turning it into a manta ray, Sandy floats then lands back on it riding it down to where Bunnymund is fighting.

"No, just me."

I let go of the reigns knowing the reindeer will continue to fly, and stand on the back of the sleigh, fighting off any Nightmare that dares come close enough.

…

Sandy's POV

I fly up higher, throwing a load of dreamsand into the air, forming an airplane.

I hop into it and straighten out my dreamsand goggles.

The majority of the Nightmares are coming from the platform Jack is still on. My heart aches.

Jack. I had to help him.

I fly the plane up higher; I then transfigure the plane into a

platform for myself.

I bring out my Dreamsand whips and begin my attack.

There are so many Nightmares, but I continue to battle them.

I couldn't have known what was about to happen.

...

Pitch's POV

I watch the Sandman fighting off my Nightmares with a smirk on my face. He’s too distracted to notice me.

I chuckle to myself.

A black sand bow forms in my hands; an arrow appearing as well, ready to shoot. I draw the arrow back to my cheek, the Sandman in my sight.

"Say goodbye to Sanderson Mansnoozie, Guardians!" I released the arrow.

...

Chapter 12: A Fallen Hero

SPOILERS DO NOT READ IF YOU DON'T WANT THEM!

...

I stood on the platform overlooking the fight scene that had developed below me.

I couldn't do anything to help the Guardians but on the inside I was cheering for them, rooting them on!

Pitch had told me to stay here until the time came, all I could do was obey his wishes and, well, stay here. I had wanted to throw up when I had called him master.

Bunnymund was fighting the Nightmares on the ground, throwing his boomerangs at them.

Tooth was on the rooftops, fighting off the Nightmares with her wings.

North was slashing at the Nightmares, belting out laughs.

I look over towards Sandy. He's fighting off the Nightmares with his whips, clearly he's taking on more than the rest of the Guardians.

My eyes drift to the side of Sandy, Pitch.

He's rising above Sandy.

A bow and arrow appear in his hand, and he pulls it back his eyes set on Sandy.

I have to warn him, my body won't budge.

Do something! Sandy's life is in danger!

I scream.

"No!" It came from me, I'm in control, but I don't know for how long.

I rush towards Sandy.

Pitch releases the arrow, it whizzes by and strikes Sandy in his back shoulder and explodes.

The small figure crumples, the golden sand turning black.

"NOO!" Rage boils inside of me. I'm clutching my staff so tightly I can't feel my fingers. Frost bursts from my staff and hits the remaining nightmares, causing them to turn to harmless snowflakes.

That's the last thing I see before I pass out.

…

I hear a shout emanating from above us, the voice belongs to Jack.

I quickly direct the reindeer towards Jack. Tooth and Bunnymund hop on as I pass.

Bunnymund asks what I'm thinking. "Where's Sandy mate?"

I glance up only to see Pitch releasing an arrow having it strike Sandy in the back, and Jack moving quickly towards him.

Another yell comes from Jack and he releases some type of frost cloud from his staff, hitting dozens of Nightmares. "Wait to go mate," Bunny cheers pumping his boomerang in the air, Bunnymund looks at us and shrugs. "What?"

Our half-victory is short lived; Jack is falling, losing control. Fast.

I glance at Pitch and he meets my gaze.

"We need to get Jack! Now!" I say bellowing.

We're about to reach him when a Nightmare rushes under Jack, catching him. The winter spirit drooped over the back of the Nightmare. It delivers him to Pitch, who has hovered over to meet

us on his black platform, laying him at Pitch's feet.

"This is where he belongs; along with the rest of you." Pitch says, acknowledging the unconscious Jack with a kick.

Jack's hair was now frosted, instead of all black; the roots were white, making just the tips black.

"He may not be fully under my control at the moment" Pitch tells us, "But he's also unconscious, completely unaware of what's about to happen." With a small amount of effort he lifts up Jack by the hood. Black sand begins to drip onto Jack attaching itself around his neck.

Bunnymund, Tooth and I start to spring forward.

"Any closer and the winter spirit will be no more" I motioned to the remaining guardians and we take a step back. "Good." Pitch cooed.

Bunnymund yells at him "Let him go you monster!"

"Ah, so the Kangaroo does care about Jack." He scans us, resting his eyes on me. "North, how does it feel to have lost?"

"You've done enough to the boy." My thoughts turn to Sandy. "Let him go."

Bunnymund has another outburst stepping forward. "I ought to-"

It's cut short when Pitch flexes his fingers, the black sand around Jack's neck tightened. Bunnymund takes a step backwards. A gasp escaped Jack, his eyes, fluttering.

...

Chapter 13: 'Let Him Go...'

...

JACK'S POV

I can barely see the Guardians. My vision is blurred, as if I have been drugged. I look at North; his face is filled with concern.

Looking over at Bunnymund I'm surprised. Bunny looked as if he's about to explode into a furry ball of rage. Maybe I'm imagining all of this; my brain is too jumbled to make sense of anything.

I must have my eyes closed because I can't see anything anymore. I fight to keep my eyes open. I must look drunk.

I can tell I don't have full control over my body, maybe it's just from being half-conscious, but I can't move.

Something with a rough texture moves on my neck. I can't breathe.

I weakly put my hands to my neck, trying to pry off what I think is sand.

Not only am I now trying to keep my eyes open, which I am failing at miserably, but I'm fighting to get air into my lungs.

Pitch's laughter rings through my head.

…

NORTH'S POV

Jack's hands are at his throat, weakly trying to pry off the sand.

"Please Pitch, just let the boy go." Tooth sounded desperate, like a mother trying to save her child.

Pitch still held the hood of Jack's hoodie; Jack must have decided to

give up with the sand around his neck, for he now hung there limply. "Now why would I do that?" Pitch questions.

"How about so we don't rip you to shreds!" Bunnymund retorts, gripping his boomerang, prepared to throw it.

Pitch's head turns quickly in Bunnymund's direction and snarls. "Oh, go suck an egg."

"You stay out of this one Bunny." I say turning to Bunnymund. He calms down, lowering his boomerang but only ever so slightly.

"Wise decision North, wouldn't want the Kangaroo to mess anything up." He glared at Bunnymund.

"Pitch, don't kill Jack, he's done nothing, just let him go." I motion to the rest of us. "Take one of us in his place."

"Nothing you say?" Pitch looked amused. "He's a threat to me now and unfortunately for you the only other Guardian that I wanted out of my way was the Sandman, and I've already taken care of him. You have nothing left to bargain with." He cackled.

I wince from the mention of Sandy. "You've taken so much from us already, just give us Jack."

"You call losing one Guardian and one half-Guardian, so much?" Something had been triggered inside of Pitch, he looks full of rage, and he seems, almost human.

"You don't know anything about losing anything!" He erupts. "Everything I loved was taken from me," He held the once again, unconscious winter spirit, over the black empty space below. "The same should be done to all of you!" An unpleasant look was on his face "I think I'll find pleasure in killing him," He looked at Jack.

…

I was frantic and found myself shouting. "I will not let you use Jack as a recompense for your daughter!"

Pitch's revealed a look of hurt, an opening, but it vanished, a

menacing glare in its place.

But Bunnymund had seen the opening; and had already released his boomerang from his firm grip.

Pitch is taken by surprise, and ducks, the boomerang flies over his head as he lets go of the lifeless Jack.

Jack is falling, his staff in hand. I'm watching in horror as he spirals out of control, falling faster and faster. I look for Tooth but she's already flying after him. He has stopped spinning.

Tooth flies quickly underneath him, catching him just in time. With Jack drooped over her, she flies back up to the sleigh and sets him down gently onto one of the seats.

Pitch look of fury is replaced by absolute revulsion.

"He's still under my control." Pitch spits. "Just try and get him back to his mischievous self," he smirks. "It will be impossible; impossible for all of you without your precious 'sand' man."

He cackles, falling through the platform onto his Nightmare Onyx before we can attack, retreating to the streets below.

…

Chapter 14: Will He Ever Be the Same?

…

Tooth's Pov

We were on the rooftops.

I rest my hand on Jack's cheek.

"We need somewhere we can get him back to normal." I look at Jack, concern in my eyes.

"You heard Pitch, he said we can't do anything." Bunny replies.

"I don't care what Pitch said! I'm not going to just sit around here and wait!" I'm surprised at my own outburst, and my hands cover my mouth, "I'm sorry Bunny, I didn't mean to yell."

He hops over the side of the sleigh, to me putting his arms around me. "It's OK Tooth; I know your worried about Jack, we all are."

"I know, I just-I-"Tears fill my eyes. Losing Sandy had been enough, now we faced the possibility of losing Jack too. Bunny seems to understand what I'm trying to say. Giving me a squeeze he lets go, and gets off the sleigh and stands behind North as he tends to the skittish reindeer.

I turn my attention back to Jack. His breathing is heavy, his chest rising and falling irregularly.

His eyes pop open, his body jerking forward so he was sitting up straight; he looks worriedly around, his eyes meeting mine, a one word question comes out of his mouth. "Jamie?"

I force him to lie back down, "Jamie's safe. You don't need to worry about him." His eyes start to droop, nodding he closes them all the

way.

I fly to North and Bunny. I tell them what's just happened.

"What are we supposed to do? Is he going to be stuck in this coma like state forever?" I say motioning towards Jack. "We have to find a way to fix this mistake."

A bloodcurdling scream pierces through the cold night air.

I whip my head around. *Jack*

…

BUNNY'S POV

I shove my paw like hands into my oversensitive ears.

"Ah, Mate, make him stop!"

North rushes over to Jack, shaking him.

"Jack, Jack, you need to wake-"Jack bolted upright, causing North to take a step back. Something was wrong.

His eyes.

Jack's eyes were glowing; an evil yellow replaced the blue that had been there only moments ago. His lips curled into a malicious smile. It was disturbing.

He clutches his staff and swings.

…

NORTH'S POV

I fall backwards, out of my sleigh; I stand up and straighten my jacket. "Jack, control self! We're here to help."

Jack ignores me and nimbly jumps off of the sleigh. He holds his staff up and points it at Bunnymund, a dark frost shoots from it but Bunnymund dodges it jumping into the air. Jack quickly loses

interest and turns towards Tooth. As he's about to strike, Bunny lands on the winter spirit and hits him in the back of the head with his boomerang. Jack's form collapses. "Can't tell you how long I've been waiting to do that." A smug look of satisfactory on his face.

"Bunny!" Tooth exclaims.

Bunnymund looks over at Tooth and shrugs, a slight smile on his face. "What? It had to be done."

Tooth looks at me as if she wants me to tell him otherwise. "Sadly, Bunny is right. This time."

"When have I ever been wrong?" Bunnymund questions.

I put up my finger, and then set it back down. "Um- Don't make me answer that."

Bunnymund looks offended, "Hey!"

"Boys!" Tooth yells at us. She was flying over the unconscious Jack, " We've got to do *something*." She snaps her head over in Bunny's direction. "And *you*! Stop enjoying this so much."

Bunnymund chuckles, "Who said I was enjoying this?" Tooth sends daggers at Bunny. "OK OK! I surrender." He puts his hands up in defeat.

She looks near tears again.

Bunnymund's expression softened. "I really am sorry Tooth."

We started to walk towards her but she waves us off, "I, I just need a minute." She flew to the side of the building, disappearing from our view.

I whimper escapes from Jack and he cringes on the ground. I glance at Bunnymund; we kneel next to Jack, careful not to wake him this time as not to have similar results as last time.

"How *are* we supposed to get him back mate?"

"I don't know Bunnymund, I really don't know."

We sit there in silence, with a few noises of pain coming from Jack.

A shout from the distance breaks the silence.

Bunnymund and I stand up prepared to attack; but there is no need, it's just Tooth, flying. Right at us. Fast.

"What in MiM's name is wrong Tooth?"

She hovers next to us, panting. All she can do is point into the distance.

I squint in the direction of her pointed finger. In the distance is a glowing light.

...

Chapter 15: Blue and Gold

…

NORTH'S POV

"Friend or Foe," I ask turning to Bunnymund.

"I'm not sure mate," the light is mesmerizing "But I'm pretty sure Pitch doesn't travel on big balls of light."

"Do you think it's a moonbeam sent from MiM?"

Tooth spoke up, "Maybe, but we'll have to wait until it reaches us to find out."

The light gets closer and closer. It's no longer a dot far off in the distance, but a smudge.

A golden one.

"Sandy? Sandy!" I'm waving my arms from side to side.

The little golden figure smiles and waves; and he gently lands in front of us.

I pull the little guy into a hug, tears streaming down my face. "We thought you were dead."

…

SANDY'S POV

My hands are at my side as I am nearly strangled by North, his wet tears falling on me.

Well, I was dead. How do I explain that to them?

I am finally released, and can breathe again.

“How-how are you not dead? We saw you die. How?” North looks in my eyes wiping the rest of the tears from his own, searching for an answer.

I shrug and smile, *what else am I supposed to tell them? I don’t even understand what happened myself.*

North looks confused but shakes it off, smiling.

Tooth snaps her head up, “Wait, so if we have Sandy- we can help-“

A shriek startles me.

“Jack!” Tooth says, flying past me. I turn around and see an unconscious Jack lying on the ground. I feel a pang in my heart.

Jack.

I had seen him come for me right before the black sand overtook me. I kneel next to him.

Tooth looks at me optimistically. “Pitch said our only hope of saving Jack was gone after killing you. And now that you’re back-“

North puts a hand on my shoulder. “If your dreamsand isn’t enough to take the black sand out and turn Jack back to normal-”

Bunnymund finishes the sentence, “Well let’s just say we’ll have an extra fearling on our hands and with one less guardians to help deal with it.”

I reach forward and put one finger on Jack’s forehead. His eyes snap open, an electric blue. “Sandy?” He looks at me, as if he can’t believe his eyes. I smile at him nodding. A cry escapes him and he closes his eyes. He opened them again, his eyes now golden.

Behind the ominous eyes Jack is on the inside, pleading with me.

I throw dreamsand over him, binding his arms and legs to the ground. Jack’s eyes are closed, his breathing steady. I let out a sigh of relief. He’s asleep.

I turn to the other Guardians and form images above my head.

Tooth grabs both North and Bunny by the ear leading them away.

“Ow, ow, ow!” Bunnymund whines.

“Stop complaining! Sandy wants to be alone, so we should leave.”

I chuckle as their voices fade. *I have to try this by myself first, so here we go.*

My hands hover over Jack and I close my eyes. Concentrating.

I begin to draw the black sand out of Jack.

Jack’s eyes whip open; he fights against the restraints, panting. I keep my eyes locked on his and I try again. He winces, his eyes flash back to blue for a brief moment before going back to yellow. I try to work faster.

Jack cries out.

“Is he going to be ok?”

Tooth, North and Bunnymund are behind me. It breaks my concentration.

Jack breaks one of the restraints on his hands. Bunnymund and North rush over holding him down.

He squirms, trying to break free letting out another painful shout.

I work my sand through him as Bunnymund and North hold him down. Tooth standing with her back turned to us, not able to watch.

Jack struggles, screaming as my sand gets to his heart, looking frantically around with his burning gold eyes. I look and my hands; poised above the winter spirit. They’re blackened at the fingertips, and the black is spreading.

North and Bunnymund look at me with worried expressions. It’s now up to my shoulders.

It’s spreading quickly.

Darkness plagues my thoughts.

No.

I’m Jack’s only hope, I can’t fail him.

I believe. I believe. I believe!

The darkness fades away replaced by my golden glow. Smiling I turn my attention back to Jack.

With a final tug, I get the remaining black sand out of Jack, he lies there limply.

His eyes flashed open once more, brilliant blue.

…

had to include the little 'I believe' part somewhere ;)

Chapter 16: Through the Shadows

...

JACK'S POV

I jerk awake.

My head feels funny.

"Ah," I put my hands on my aching head. It feels as if I've been hit by an avalanche. Looking up I feel very self conscious. All of the Guardians are staring directly at me. "What?" I ask defensively.

Sandy is the first to respond; pulling me into a hug. I wrap my arms around him, returning it.

"I'm so glad you're not dead Sandy," I bury my head in his shoulder, I can feel tears coming to my eyes but I hold them back.

Sandy nods his head tilting it to the side while slightly raising his eyebrows as if to say *me too.*

North jumps in, "We're so glad you're alright Jack. But we have no time to lose. We must move if we want to stand a chance against the Boogeyman."

I nod and try to stand, leaning on my staff only to lose my balance and fall down.

The Guardians jump forward but I shake them off.

"It's OK, I'm fine. Honest."

Sandy looks at North and shakes his head. North steps forward.

"Jack, you're too weak at the moment. Maybe you sit this one out."

He puts his hand on my shoulder, his wonder filled eyes now filled with worry.

"No, I want to fight. I *need* to fight. I can do this!" My voice is pleading.

North seems to be debating with himself, he turns to Bunnymund. "Bunny, what do you think?"

Bunny looks at North as if he's about to say something, lifting his paw like finger but it drops rapidly, and he looks up wide eyed. "I don't think he'll have much choice mate. Look," he points above North's head.

A wall of Nightmares is charging at us.

I'm frozen in place as they begin to gain on us, my eyes wide with fear.

North, Tooth and Bunny jump into action and attack the oncoming Nightmares, Sandy stays with me, looking as if he's ready to hurt anything that comes our way.

A single Nightmare, bigger than the others, finds its way past the fighting Guardians and charges me.

Sandy crouches by me and snatches me by the hood, whipping the Nightmare causing it to explode.

Before I know it gold dreamsand is beginning to surround us as we take off into the sky.

…

I start to feel a little nauseous as Sandy continues to spin higher into the air. I look around as the spinning stops, Sandy is moving towards a different part of the town.

He's heading towards the area of Burgess where Pitch is.

I see Pitch and call out to Sandy, "Sandy, Sandy! You can let go now. I can fly on my own."

Sandy looks down at me concern floods his face.

I reassure him, "Yeah, I'll be fine."

He slows down to let go of me and I fall a few feet, wobbling about in the wind. I get control quickly and catch up with the now smiling Sandman.

Pitch stands on a roof. He turns around and sees us. A look of surprise quickly turns to one of pure hatred.

We land, Sandy on one roof, me on a neighboring one.

"Jack." He says soothingly, "Looks as though they've gotten you back to normal after all." He turns his attention to Sandman. "I thought I had killed you!" His eyes flash with anger. "I guess I need to finish the job." He shoots nightmare sand at Sandy; I whip my staff around, freezing it in place, glaring at Pitch.

He returns the glare, disappearing in the shadows, where'd he go? I look at Sandy, he's on high alert.

His menacing voice echoes on the rooftops. "It seems to me that you're not the neutral party anymore, Jack."

A Nightmare appears from the shadows, charging me, smashing me into a wall. The breath is knocked out of me.

Pain shoots through my back and I fall on all fours, I gasp, trying to regain my breath.

Sandman rushes to my side, and helps me up.

I cough, "I'm fine Sandy, I'm fine."

Sandy shakes his head, clearly disagreeing.

Pitch's laughter rings through the chilled night sky.

…

"You've all got it wrong. You think *I'm* the bad guy? What's so bad

about fear?" He motioned to the Nightmares and Shadows around him. His tone of voice had changed from menacing to hurt.

"You don't think I want to be believed in, to get a little attention once in awhile? Each time I must go further in my plans; make them more complex, more-more fear filled, to even get the attention of you and your fellow Guardians, Man in the Moon." The last words spit out with dislike.

I look over at Sandy.

Yeah, sure Pitch was the villain here, but I felt for him. I could be down the path Pitch was on, if Manny hadn't chosen me.

SANDY'S POV

Pitch disappeared and reappeared next to us, slithering past us.

"Do you know what it's like to be cast out?" He directed his attention to the moon. "All I ever wanted was to be their equal! To stop having to hide in the shadows. I never chose to be like this!"

I look at Pitch sadly, sympathizing with him.

Doesn't he deserve pity? He had been a General in the Golden Ages. Not just any General, he was the Golden Ages greatest hero.

He had had a great love for his daughter. The greatest a father can have for their child.

I remember giving her dreams; her life had been so filled with joy from her Father's love, her dreams- I had tried so hard to replicate his love after he had been turned into a monster but it was almost impossible.

"You saw my pain." Pitch continues. "Why-Why did you do nothing to help me," He looks up once again. His voice darkens and he disappears once more.

…

PITCH'S POV

I throw my voice through the shadows, my voice ricocheting through the shadows. "And then you choose this-this *boy,* as a Guardian, mocking me!"

I dive out of the shadow glaring at Sandy and Jack from another rooftop, they turn and look at me and I jump back into a new shadow.

"All this pain you've caused me, but no more! Now it's my turn-My turn to cause you pain."

I traveled through the shadow, reaching one that's right behind my target.

Right behind Jack.

Chapter 17: Shock

THIS CHAPTER TOOK ME WAY LONGER THAN I WANTED IT TO, AND FOR THAT I AM SORRY TO ALL OF YOU; I'VE JUST BEEN SO BUSY. I'M SO GLAD TO KNOW THAT YOU LOVE IT, THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR SUPPORT AND FOR REVIEWING. IT MAKES ME HAPPY TO KNOW THAT PEOPLE ACTUALLY LIKE MY WRITING. FEEL FREE TO REVIEW AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK! KEEP BEING AWESOME!

HOPE YOU CONTINUE TO READ!

…

NORTH'S POV

Bunny hopped next to me. "I don't know how much longer we can hold them mate." He throws a boomerang and continues, "We can't keep them from Jack and Sandy much longer." He finishes the last sentence lifting his arm, catching the returning boomerang.

His eyes look to the side, back to me, then dart back to the side; he turns his full body towards what he's looking at.

"North?" His tone of voice sounds panicked. "Where *are* Jack and Sandy?"

…

BUNNY'S POV

I knew I didn't like the bloody show pony, but I cared about his safety. The little bloke was growing on me.

North turns his head rapidly looking for any trace as to where Jack and Sandy had disappeared to, looking for anything that could give us a clue as to where to find them.

I hop around, looking as well.

A bellowing voice sounds. “There!”

I turn around to see North pointing into the distance.

A glowing light clearly signifies that Sandy is there and I glimpse Jack close to him, but on a different roof.

I prepare to jump off the roof onto another, but North extends his arm blocking my path.

“No.”

“Are you crazy mate?” I demand.

He smiles slyly and saying simply, “No. We race.”

A smile creeps its way onto my face. “Is that a challenge?”

Tooth appears, flying next to us. “What are you two wasting time for? Let’s just go!”

North waves her off. “We go faster with more motivation, so we race.”

Tooth rolls her eyes. “You can’t be serious.”

I smirk. “Yes, we are. It’s going to be a race that I’m going to win!” I jump off the building and disappear in a tunnel, reappearing on another rooftop not far off, I look at North and Tooth who have finally decided to start.

“Slowpokes!” I shout.

The fur on the back of my neck tingles, standing straight up.

Slowly I spin around and see a Nightmare, face to face with me, with hundreds of others beside it.

It looks behind be and neighs as it lifts its front legs.

…

NORTH'S POV

My look of joy turns to one of fury as I see the Nightmares in front of Bunny.

I jump through a chimney appearing in one and coming out another, getting closer to the pooka.

Tooth flitters above me keeping up.

I make eye contact with the Nightmare directly in front of Bunny. It teeters on its back two legs and slams them back down aiming for Bunny.

Bunny jumps out of the way yelling "Crikey!" He throws a boomerang, slicing through half a dozen Nightmares as they all attack.

Tooth and I jump into action, demolishing every Nightmare in our path. I run on the rooftop, Sandy and Jack in my sights. They're turning around, as if they're looking for someone.

Pitch.

"Faster!" I yell, "We must get to them faster!"

More Nightmares race toward us as we get closer to the two Guardians.

From a distance I can see Pitch appearing and disappearing randomly.

I stab my shashka into a Nightmare and pull it out, dissolving the horse figure. Flipping around I slice through four passing Nightmares.

A single Nightmare charges me and I jump to meet it in the middle, as I jump I get a better view of the rooftops both Sandy and Jack are standing on.

I let my guard down from pure and utter shock from what I have just witnessed. It courses through my veins.

The Nightmare rams into me and I fall onto a rooftop and look up at the living nightmare before me.

…

JACK'S POV

The next few moments occur in slow motion.

I look at Sandy his eyes filled with terror at something behind me.

Before I can turn around I freeze my eyes wide.

I look down, a dark scythe protruding from my torso.

It takes me a second to realize what has just taken place and I take in a withdrawn breath. It hurts and the pain starts to sink in.

I hear a malicious chuckle from the Nightmare King behind me.

Slowly I feel around the protruding scythe; I bring my fingers back to look at them, I see blood. Looking back down at my hoodie there is a spreading circle of crimson.

The whole world begins to goes fuzzy.

The scythe is twisted and yanked from my chest drawing a pained cry from me. I don't remember opening my mouth.

I wince; my legs tremble and slowly I fall to my knees, my now shaky hands find their way onto the fresh wound. I can feel the life spill out of me as fast as the blood is pouring from my mortal injury.

I slump to the ground, and before I go, close my dimming blue eyes.

…

Chapter 18: 'I win.'

FIRST OFF, LET ME APOLOGIZE FOR THE SLOW UPDATES. YOUR REVIEWS ALWAYS BRIGHTEN MY DAY.

SORRY IF THE CONSTANT POINT OF VIEW SWITCH GETS ANNOYING IN THIS CHAPTER, I JUST WANTED TO SHOW DIFFERENT PEOPLE'S REACTION TO JACK'S DEATH. (AND YES I DID KILL HIM)

AND PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR SWITCHING FROM PAST TO PRESENT TENSE, I'VE HAD A FEW PEOPLE POINT IT OUT, I PROMISE YOU, ONCE I'M DONE I WILL GO BACK AND FIX THAT. IT JUST GETS SO JUMBLED IN MY CRAZY MIND.

AS FOR THE CLIFFHANGERS, THAT'S JUST HOW I WRITE; IT'S JUST SO MUCH FUN TO HEAR YOUR REACTIONS! *LAUGHS EVILLY*

SANDY'S POV

I watch in horror as Pitch appears behind Jack, I'm frozen, given no time to react. For just as quickly as he has appeared a scythe appears in his hands and he thrusts it into the winter spirit's form with ease.

I can feel tears begin to come into my amber eyes.

Jack screams and I watch as the scythe is twisted and viciously ripped out.

The mischievous winter spirit looks scared.

He falls to his knees and crumples to the ground. I watch the twinkle in his eyes quickly fade away and they slowly close.

My eyes brim with tears, I turn to Pitch, glaring at him.

"Whoops. Did you still want him? My bad." He smirks.

I feel my eyes narrow until they're nothing but slits.

"Clearly everyone thought you were the only one who could defeat me. It was only after 'killing' you I discovered there had been no need to kill you. Jack had been the real threat." He motions to the dead spirit. "That's why I tried to strangle him after your accident. I had almost finished him off when that blasted North mentioned-"

He stops. "Why am I telling you this?" He chuckles continuing. "Anyways. I saw Jack was the one I needed to kill, he was the only chance you had in defeating me. But no matter, I need not worry about him any longer."

I finally got past denial and grief; I skipped acceptance and returned to rage in a split second. I held it down, hoping the perfect opportunity would arise for me to attack the Nightmare King.

…

PITCH'S POV

After killing Jack I felt a surge of power.

I could feel it all around me. The other Guardians must be close; they most likely had seen the little show.

I glide over to the motionless Jack and wrap my slender fingers around Jack's staff.

I look over at Sandy and grin as I lift it, waving it in his face. "Guess he won't need this anymore." I glance at it. "I wonder if it will break now. Oh how I've been itching to try." I chuckle at the look of surprise on the little man's face.

"Oh yes, I've already attempted to break it. I guess *Manny* thought he still might need it at the time."

I twirl it around for a moment and bring it down over my knee.

I smile triumphantly as the snap rings through the air.

I laugh and throw the remains of the staff on Jack. "Don't give me

that look Sandy. I *had* to kill him." I pause. "I think it's time to take out the trash." I motion with my hand, black sand slithering towards the broken figure.

I briefly see stars and pain shoots through my jaw.

I scoff smirking. "Ah, Toothiana, it's so *nice* of you to join us." I notice the rest of the Guardians and look over at Sandy seeing that he's guarding the body of Jack from my black sand. I wave it off. "He's already dead"

Bunny snarls. I'm surprised to see him near tears.

"You're the one who's dead mate."

…

BUNNY'S POV

I bite my bottom lip to keep it from quivering. My paws clenched into fists.

"Aw, you do care Bunnymund." Pitch looks over at Jack. "The sentiment came rather late don't you think?" He chuckles.

"Quit your chin wagging!" I lunge at Pitch.

The air is knocked from my lungs and I slump to the ground, only to be lifted up by grainy black sand, gripping my tightly, immobilizing me.

Tooth attacks Pitch next, giving another quick punch to his jaw.

A tooth is knocked from out of his mouth, Baby Tooth, picks it gently off of the ground.

I turn my attention back to Tooth, she pushes him to the ground and he drops his scythe, kicking her to the side, she hits a wall and falls to the ground. Pitch stands up.

North stays put pulling out his shashkas. Sandy remained near Jack, not leaving his side.

Pitch's eyes flicker between the two, he picks up the scythe pointing it at North.

He smirks. "Give it your best, old man."

North charges Pitch.

The sound of metal on metal scrapes throughout the rooftops.

North slices upwards and Pitch parries it easily, looking almost bored.

"From the world's best swordsman I expected a little more from you."

North looks distraught, swinging wildly at Pitch. He brings both of his shashkas down, the weapons clash together. Pitch leans down getting face to face with North.

He pushes North back, causing him to fall to the ground, and walks over to him, I struggle against the bonds.

Pitch tilts the bloodstained blade of his scythe under North's chin. Two haunting words come out of his mouth.

"I win."

NORTH'S POV

I glance at the blood on the scythe; it was Jack's!

Rage boiled deep within me. I could feel it. In my belly!

I see Sandy; he looks torn between helping me and protecting Jack's body. I look at him, my eyes filled with sorrow, urging him to stay next to Jack. Dead or alive, we should never abandon him again.

I glare at Pitch, the tension growing.

3 RD PERSON POV

Everything froze.

No one noticed the single beam of moonlight slowly drifting down.

Chapter 19: An Old Friend

I KNOW I KNOW, PLEASE DON'T KILL ME FOR THE LATE UPDATE. IT IS MUCH LONGER THAN MY OTHERS BUT I HAVE A REASON.

I WAS GONE FOR A VERY LONG TIME, AWAY FROM THE COMPUTER, NOT ABLE TO TYPE. I JUST GOT BACK YESTERDAY AND I FELT REALLY BAD FOR LEAVING YOU GUYS HANGING FOR SO LONG.

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO DON'T LIKE THE CONSTANT POINT OF VIEW CHANGE I'M SORRY, CAUSE ITS STILL HAPPENING.

I REALIZE THAT THROUGHOUT MY FANFIC I HAVE SWITCHED FROM PAST TO PRESENT TENSE, AND REST ASSURED, ONCE I AM DONE I WILL GO THROUGH THE WHOLE THING AND FIX IT.

MANNY'S POV

Slowly I pull back from my spyglass.

I shake my head in disbelief.

Have my eyes deceived me? I leaned forward, looking again.

I whisper, "He's not ready. It's not his time."

For never have had a nightmare I was certain what had just occurred was close. "I'm so sorry child. I *will* make this right."

I raise a hand, summoning my most trusted moonbeam. The same one who helped my dearest friend Nightlight destroy Pitch so many years ago.

"Nathaniel!" I step off the pedestal for my spyglass.

Waddling down the staircase I stumble over a little glowworm.

I stop and pick it up, “Oh I am so sorry! Are you alright?” The little creature smiles and flutters away.

“Nathaniel!” I chuckle. “Where are you blasted beam?”

A blue glowing light came into view. I sigh in relief.

It drifted ever closer to me and I smiled.

I greet him. “My dearest Nathaniel. I have a very important job for you.”

I whisper my request to him and his light burns brighter.

…

NATHANIEL’S POV

I slowly drift down next to Jack.

The other Guardians are frozen in a stare down with Pitch the Nightmare King.

The boy is lifeless.

I hover over him, my light reflecting on his white skin.

Slowly I seep into him.

…

NORTH POV

Pitch stands over me, triumphant.

“How does it feel to have lost? Oh please do tell, for I am longing to know.” He tilts the scythe upwards bringing my downward gaze up to his. The cold blade sends chills through me.

“Still upset about your winter spirit? There’s nothing you can do now is there. We needed him dead, don’t you understand? W-“ He

looks to the side and freezes.

I'm puzzled. Had he been saying 'we'?

"You." He spits out the word with as much hatred I've ever heard come out of a single word.

…

PITCH'S POV

Anger bubbles deep within me, though for some reason it did not feel as if it was my own. "You." I repeat. I take the scythe away from North's chin and take a step towards the beam that's hovering over Jack.

Sandy blocks my path and I snarl. "Let us through little man!"

He glares at me, sand whips forming in his hands.

I push past him and feel something wrapping around my arm.

My feet are no longer on the ground as I am tossed into the air.

I am snatched by the whips again around my foot and am flung roughly to the ground.

I cough for a moment and stand up brushing myself off.

The moonbeam is still shining on Jack.

I stomp towards him, forming a new and bigger scythe in my hands.

…

NATHANIEL'S POV

I seep into his consciousness.

The boy is huddled into a corner of his mind. The deepest and darkest corner; slowly drifting away.

I move to where he is.

He weakly stumbles backwards, standing up.

“I’m not here to hurt you. I have a message for you.” He perks up. “From Manny.”

“The man in the moon? But he…he never talks to me.” He looks away.

I shift into the form of a man and put a comforting hand on his shoulder. He looks up at me, the light in his eyes slowly fading.

“Am I dead?”

The hurt in his voice breaks my heart.

“Yes child. But that is the reason I am here. Pitch may have killed you but he can never be rid of your center. Take it, it is weak at the moment, but you, my boy,” I touch a finger to his chest. “Are strong. You have a choice. Manny has placed it before you. You may give up your new family the Guardians, and let them die down there…”

“What happened?” He looks around frantically.

“You died.” I say calmingly then chuckle softly. “But you didn’t let me finish. I haven’t given you the second option. Manny is placing the choice before you to have a second chance. Granted, it may be painful. You are the only hope the Guardians have of defeating Pitch.” I clear my throat. “The choice is completely yours to make. Now is the time to choose. You don’t have much time left.”

Jack fumbles with his words. “I-I don’t know really what to say. Manny ignored me for so long…why speak to me now?”

I nod. “I understand. I felt neglected as I was stuck inside the Nightmare King for so long. But I knew I had a purpose. It was to keep him imprisoned. My light kept him locked away. I was never alone. I had another spirit to keep me company, although he was too weak to speak.” I look over at Jack. “You remind me of him.”

His eyes widen. “Y-You trapped Pitch?”

Nodding I continue. “You my friend have also never been alone. Manny has always kept a watchful eye over you, making sure you never got into *too* much mischief. You hold a soft spot in his heart. It pained him to see you die. He regretted ever leaving you in the dark, not telling you everything. He was always there with you though.”

Jack nods slowly. “I want a second chance,” he smiles, “well another one anyways.”

I smile and extend a finger to his forehead, opening his memories, letting him remember everything.

“Good, there is one more thing I still must tell you before I help you. It will give you an advantage when you face Pitch.”

I whisper Pitch’s story into his ear, his eyes widen in pity, and then in shock with the next words I tell him.

…

PITCH’S POV

The Sandman blocks my path again.

I look behind him.

Jack’s motionless form begins to rise into the air.

“No…no…NO!” I move fast and knock the golden figure to the side with the scythe.

I gaze up at Jack, his head drooping on his chest.

Suddenly his head jerks upwards. I glare at him…something is different.

My eyes widen in frustration.

His icy blue eyes.

They’re *glowing*.

I prepare to strike but am knocked backwards, a burst of light coming from Jack's form.

…

The glowing eyes face me. I feel a knife forming in my hand and I pull it back to throw it at the illuminated figure.

His glowing eyes flicker to my hand, ice instantly forms on the hand holding the knife.

The added weight throws me off balance and I tip over.

The ice shatters along with my knife.

I stand slowly and clutch my cold hand; it feels as if it's burning.

I glare at Jack, a fearfully familiar hiss coming from my voice. "We hate you."

Another flash of glowing ice is shot from Jack and I disappear into the shadows, seeping into the floor.

"Won't you learn?" My voice echoing through the shadows. "You can't kill fear! I'll always be here in the darkest part of your mind. Fear never really goes away. So you better watch your back."

Jack's voice echoes as well. "Like the fear of losing your daughter?"

My eyes flash with hurt, I'm thankful they cannot see me.

"She's not gone Pitch. The Moon showed me where she is."

I slowly step forward. *Can it be true?*

Jack floats closer to the shadow I reside in and extends his hand. "You should never let your fear decide you fate. I can help you." I slowly reach for it then cry out in pain clutching my head, pain shooting through me. Concern shows on Jack's face.

"We don't need your help I spit. You may have won today but we'll be back for you Jack."

He looks surprised and I cry out once more and disappear into the darkness.

…

BUNNY'S POV

Gently Jack falls to the ground, his chest rising and falling evenly.

The moonbeam once again appears over him and the aura from the boy disappears.

He smiles nodding then disappears.

"Jack!" Tooth rushes forward and falls to his side. The gaping hole in his chest had stopped bleeding but that didn't mean we shouldn't be worried.

I hop forward and crouch next to Jack. "Mates, we need to get him to the North Pole pronto." North walks over with Sandy.

I pick up Jack softly, he lays limp in my arms.

"Come on Frostbite. You're gonna be alright."

We get in the sleigh and take off, heading to the Pole.

...

Epilogue: A Flash of Gold

THIS HAS BEEN SO MUCH FUN YOU GUYS! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR READING THIS AND FOR TELLING ME WHAT YOU THINK. IT ALWAYS BRIGHTENS MY DAY TO HEAR FROM YOU. AGAIN THE PAST AND PRESENT TENSE WILL BE FIXED SOMETIME AFTER THIS, ONCE I CAN ACTUALLY GET TO IT.

SADLY THIS IS THE LAST CHAPTER THAT I HAVE FOR THIS STORY…BUT I HOPE THAT I GET ENOUGH TIME TO WRITE A SECOND ONE. I'VE GOT PLENTY OF IDEAS I JUST NEED TO BE ABLE TO GET THE TIME TO WRITE IT. IF I DO END UP WRITING A SECOND ONE, I WILL TELL YOU ALL, AND YES IT WILL BE A SEQUEL TO THIS ONE. THE UPDATES WILL PROBABLY OCCUR SLOWLY, BUT STILL.

THIS HAS BEEN A ROLLERCOASTER WRITING FOR YOU ALL, BUT I HOPE YOU HAVE ENJOYED MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT WRITING A FANFICTION! IF YOU DO HAVE ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT MY FANFIC, GO AHEAD AND ASK, I WILL RESPOND THE BEST I CAN. REVIEW AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK! ANYWAYS, I FEEL LIKE I'M JUST RAMBLING ON AND ON NOW. ENJOY THE EPILOGUE TO MY FANFIC, A FLASH OF GOLD (P.S. THE TITLE WILL MAKE MORE SENSE BY THE END OF THIS UPDATE I PROMISE)

JACK'S POV

A deep snoring sound echoes through my head.

Gradually I open my eyes ever so slightly, just so I can see through my eyelashes.

North sits on a chair next to me; his head leaned back, mouth wide open with a small line of drool dripping down his beard, obviously asleep. *Boy he must be tired; I've never heard anyone snore so loud.*

I slowly try to sit up "Agh," I wince as pain shoots through my chest. I breathe to take in some cold air. Looking down I see my frosted blue hoodie gone, thick bandageswrapped around me in its place.

"Oh, so I'm not dead."

Tooth giggles and I watch as she flies through the doorway, new bandages and medicine in her arms. "I'm surprised to see you awake. How do you feel?"

I rest my head on the headboard. "Like I should be dead."

She smiles and sets down the supplies she brought in on the bedside table next to me. "We're all so glad you're alright! We thought Pitch had killed you." She starts to ramble, talking faster than I can keep up. "I mean; we saw him stab you and everything. Blood was all around you. Then this moonbeam, I swear I've seen it before…but it comes down and before we know it. Poof!" Her hands motion in the air, her feathers pop up then go back down. "You were glowing. Then you defeated Pitch, after saying something…" She shakes her head quickly. "I don't really know what it was, we couldn't hear you."

I'm surprised. "Glowing…I did what? Whoa, whoa, whoa…slow down Tooth. I can't take it in fast enough."

She nods quickly, and then tilts her head to the side. "Do you remember what you said?"

"I remember everything" I smile, "Well almost everything, I don't remember after being stabbed, but the moonbeam, his name is Nathaniel. He spoke for the Moon to me. He gave me the choice to live again…and gave me back my memories," Looks over at Tooth's confused form. "All of them. He told me about Pitch. Did you know what happened to him?"

"Yes, yes, but what did you tell Pitch?" Her voice has a tinge of eagerness in it.

"That his daughter's alive."

Her jaw drops, then she looks at me questioningly. "You weren't

lying were you?"

I shake my head "No. I was very much telling the truth."

"But that's impossible…how?"

"Pitch's daughter *is* alive Tooth. The moon chose her centuries ago."

Tooth's hands rest on her hips. "Well then who is she? Wouldn't we have known about her?"

I sigh, "Pitch's daughter is Mother Nature."

North snorts in his sleep and Tooth flies around talking faster than the speed of light.

I zone out, retreating into my own thoughts.

I'll find a way to help you Pitch. I know this wasn't your fault. You're not the monster.

...

3RD PERSON POV

Whispers emanate from the darkness of Pitch's lair. "You failed us. We wanted the boy and you let us down, he was within your grasp, dead like we wanted, but you failed with our one simple request." A thick fog began to clear, revealing a kneeling Pitch, clutching his head in his hands. "It's not my fault. I'm sorry." His voice is filled with pain, but it sounds…gentle.

Black tendrils branch out towards him, coming from the wall. They grip his arms and wrap around him, pinning him to the ground forcing his head up. His eyes flash. "It wasn't my fault." Pitch repeats.

A hiss of many voices comes from the darkness. "We gave you a chance, we manipulated the boy's mind to get him to you and you threw your chance away. He was within your grasp more than once. You're weak. You couldn't even kill the boy without our help." They spit.

Pitch cringes. The shadows begin to shift, "Your memory of your daughter makes you weak."

The Nightmare King's eyes widen in fear, and the voices continue, "We must remove that weakness."

"No...please." Pitch whimpers tears brimming in his eyes.

The darkness rushes at him, completely engulfing him. He can feel the memories of his daughter being ripped away. He cries out in pain. The screams pierce through the black air as the fearlings take Pitch's memories.

His eyes flash from green to gold.

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A/N

A/N FOR EVERYONE'S CONVENIENCE…I FINALLY DECIDED TO POST THE FIRST CHAPTER FOR THE SEQUEL TO FLASH OF GOLD…JUST WANTED TO LET YOU ALL KNOW. HOPE YOU ALL ENJOY IT! I LOVE AND MISS HEARING FROM YOU GUYS…